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A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS,

Written upon several

OCCASIONS,

By several

£6.

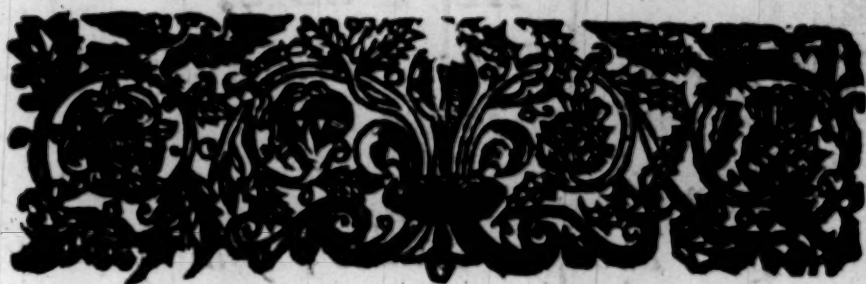
PERSONS.

Never before in Print.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Hobart Kemp, at the Sign of the Ship in
the Upper Walk of the New Exchange, 1672.





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THE



THE
TEMPLE
OF
DEATH.

IN those cold Climates where the Sun appears
Unwillingly , and hides his face in tears ,
A dreadful Vale lies in a Desert Isle,
On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.
There a vast grove of aged Cypress Trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,

B

Into

Into its wither'd arms depriv'd of leaves,
 Whole flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives;
 Poysons are all the plants the soyl will bear,
 And Winter is the only season there.

Millions of graves cover the spacious field,
 And springs of blood a thousand Rivers yield,
 Whose streams oppress'd with carcases and bones,
 Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.

Within this vale a famous Temple stands,
 Old as the Universe which it commands;
 Round is its figure, and four Iron Gates
 Divide the World by order of the Fates.

There come in crowds, doom'd to one common grave,
 The young, the old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old age, and pains which mankind most deplores,
 Are faithful keepers of those sacred doors;
 All clad in mournful blacks, which also load
 The sacred walls of this obscure aboad,

And

Upon several Occasions.

3

And Tapers of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoak increase the dismal shade.
A Monster void of Reason and of Sight,
The Goddess is that sways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o're all things that have breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her name is Death.
The fairest object of our wondring eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice ;
Th' adjoining places where the Altar stood
Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* blood.
When sad *Melintus*, whole unhappy flame
Is known by all that ere convert with fame ;
His mind possess'd with fury and despair,
Within the sacred Temple made this prayer :
Great Deity ! who in thy hands dost bear
That rusty Scepter which poor mortals fear,
Who wanting eyes thy self respectest none,
And neither spar'st the Lawrel nor the Crown.

Oh ! thou whom all mankind in vain withstands,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hands.
Oh, thou that every eye which sees the light,
Closest again in an eternal night ,
Open thy ears, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief ;
I come not hither to prolong my fate,
But wish my wretched life a shorter date ;
And that the Earth would in its bowels hide
A soul which Heaven invades on every side ;
That from the sight of day I might remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd,
The Port where wearied spirits are at rest ;
Conductor to *Illisium*, take my life,
My brest I offer to thy sacred knife :
So just a grace deny not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless, sacrifice.

Others their frail and mortal state forgot,
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus’dly spread,
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire;
This Tragick Scene makes them in terror live,
Till that is forc’t which they should freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave.
Before thy face they make undecent moan,
And feel an hundred deaths in tearing one:
The flame becomes unhallowed in their brest,
And he a Murtherer who was a Priest;
His hands profan’d in breaking Natures chain,
By which the body does the soul detain;

But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall ;
No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,
And calmly ile expect the fatal blow.
My limbs no trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for every grief,
Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound :
Too weak's the power of Nature, or of Art,
Nothing but death can ease a broken heart.
And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
Learn the extreamest rigour of my fate ;
Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain
The fairest Town, the greatest, and the best,
So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.

From

From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
 Was of our youth the most ambitious aim ;
 Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
 She made a Prince when e're she made a Slave.
 Love, under whose tyrannick power I groan,
 Shew'd me this Beauty ere 'twas fully blown ;
 Her doubtful hand, and her unpractis'd look,
 Their first assurance from my conquest took ;
 By wounding me she learnt the fatal art,
 And the first sigh she had was from my heart.
 My eyes with tears wetting her snowy arms,
 Render'd the tribute due unto her charms;
 But as I soonest of all mortals paid
 My vows, and to her beauty altars made,
 So amongst all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
 She thought me only worthy of her chain.
 Loves heavy burden my submissive heart
 Indur'd not long before she bore her part,

My violent flame melted her frozen brest,
And in soft sighs her pity she exprest ;
Her gentle voice alaid my raging pains,
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains :
Tears from her eyes attended on my moan,
And they lookt kindly upon me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine then hers,
Those fill'd her soul with joyes, and these with tears.
Our hearts united had the same desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful memory, I give thee leave
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive :
Make me not once possessor of her charms,
Let me not find her languish in my arms :
Past joyes are now my cruel fancies theames,
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams.
Let not those scenes before my eyes be brought,
But hide her love from my tormenting thought ;

And

Upon several Occasions. 7

And in its place disdainful beauty shew,
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;
And something to abate my deep despair,
Oh ! let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind,
Never was Nymph so lovely, or so kind.
No cold repulses my desires suppress,
I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* brest.
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy :
Numberless pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were as my love, without the least alloy :
As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasant dream they all are past.
From Heaven her beauty like fierce lightning came,
which breaks through darkness with a glorious flame
A while it shines, a while our sight it cheers,
But soon the short-liv'd comfort disappears,

And

And thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can allwage.
So oft the light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves to conduct us only to our grave.
When I had first begun loves joyes to taste,
Those full rewards for fears and dangers past,
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas, uncertain stand,
The firmest Rocks are plac't upon the Sand :
Under this Law both Kings and Crowns must bend,
For no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to time fate dooms us all,
And at the Tyrants feet we dayly fall ;
Time, whose bold hand alike does bring to dust
Mankind, and Gods in which mankind does trust ;
Though now her wasted spirits begin to faint,
Her patience ties her tongue from all complaints ;

LHA

And

And in her heart, as in a Fort remains,
 But yet at last yields t' her resistless pains.
 Thus while the Fever amorous of his prey,
 Through all her Veins makes his delightful way;
 Her Fate's like semile's, the flames destroy
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming face is in its Spring decay'd,
 Pale grows the Roses, and the Lillies fade.
 Her skin has lost that lustre, which surpass
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;
 Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their flames and Darts;
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And sorrow Triumphs in the Throne of Love.
 The Fever every moment more prevails,
 Its rage her body feels, and Tongue bewails:
 She whose disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,

And

And with loud cries, which rend the Neighb'ring air,
Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my despair.
Both gods and men I charge now with my loss,
And wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross:
My heart and tongue labour in both extreams,
That sends up humble Prayers, while this blasphemes:
I ask their help whose Power I defie,
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety.
But that which do's still more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I still restrain unruly floods of tears:
My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms:
I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
And almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his Mistress dye?

In A

When

When Reason had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc't disguise,
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes,
My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted, soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears,
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her Fate in my dejected face,
Then feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone ;
Each does the others burden kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and she bewails my fear :
Although we suffer under Fortunes darts,
'Tis those of Love alone which reach our hearts.
Mean while the Fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our Tears ;

Those

Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like Wind and Oyl increase the Fatal fire.
Almeria feeling th' unjust destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes,
Weeping, in mine put her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand ;
Her passion in a dying voyce exprest
Half ; and her sighs, alas, made out the rest.
'Tis past, this pang Nature forsakes the strife,
Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my Life.
I dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their Conquest over me, but not my Love ;
Thy Memory, my Glory, and my pain,
In spite of Death it self, shall still remain.
Ah ! Dear *Melintus*, my hard fate denies
That hope is the last thing which in us dyes ;
From my griev'd brest all those soft thoughts are fled,
And love survives, although my hope is dead ;

I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts but of *Melinus* quit.
My flame increases as my strength decays,
Death, that puts out the light, the heat do's raise,
Which leaves me not, though I from hence remove,
I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.

The sigh which sent forth that last tender word,
Up towards the Heavens like a bright *meteor* soar'd,
And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
Falls cold and breathless in her Lovers Arms,
Which shews, since Death deny'd him then relief,
That 'tis in vain men hope to dye with grief.

Goddeſs, that now my fate has understood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood,
Here let me end the story of my cares,
My grief it self enough the rest declares.

Thou seest by all my misery thus display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid,

Thus

Thus to survive a guilt upon me draws,
And my sad wishes have too just a cause.
Come then, my only hope, in every place,
Thou visitest, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name, once let thy fatal hand
Destroy a Swain, that doth the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy Dart, I need not one of those
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose,
Thy weakest my desir'd release will bring,
And free my Soul already on her wing.

To

To Celia.

YOU tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
Yet never must return my love ;
An answer that my hope destroys,
And in the cradle wounds our joys:
To kill at once what needs must die,
None would to birds and beasts deny ;
How can you then so cruel prove,
As to preserve, and torture love ?
That beauty Nature kindly meant
For her own pride, and our content ;
Why shou'd the Tyrant honour make
Our greatest torment ? let us break
His yoke, and that base power disdain,
Which only keeps the good in pain :
In Love and War th' Impostor do's
The best to greatest harms expose.

C

Come

Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil for a God adore ;
Like foolish *Indians* we have been,
Whose whole Religion is a sin :
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in dreams of Honour slept,
He wou'd have surely, long ere this,
Have crown'd us with the highest bliss ;
Our Joy had then been as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great :
Let's lose no time then, but repent,
Love welcome's best a Penitent.

Answer.

Answer.

T *Hirfis*, I wish, as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due;
Then would I pay my debt of love
In the same coin that you approve;
Which now you must in friendship take,
'Tis all the payment I can make;
Friendship so high, that I must say,
'Tis rather love with some allay.
And rest contented, since that I
As well my self as you deny.
Learn then of me bravely to bear
The want of what you hold most dear;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my example work on thee.

To Celia.

P*Rinces* make Laws by which their Subjects live,
 And the high gods rules for their worship give ;
 How should poor mortals else a service find
 At all proportion'd to their mighty mind ?
 Had it been left to us, each one would bring,
 Of what he lik'd himself, an offering ;
 And with unwelcome zeal perhaps displease
 Th'offended *Deity* he would appease.
 All powers but thine this mercy do allow,
 And how they wou'd be serv'd themselves do shew,
 A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his captiv'd foe
 Fully instruct in what he'd have him do.
 And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love
 Less kind then War shou'd to the vanquish't prove ?
 Say, cruel Fair, then, would you that my flame
 Shou'd for a while move under friendships name ?

Or

Or may it boldly like it self appear,
 And its own tale deliver to your ear ?
 Or must it in my tortur'd bosome live
 Like fire in quiet flints, and no light give ?
 And only then humbly send forth a small
 Spark, when your self does on that subject fall ?
 My passion can with any laws comply,
 And for your sake do any thing, but die.

To Cloris.

Cloris, I justly am betray'd
 By a design my self had laid,
 Like an old Rook, whom in his cheat
 A run of Fortune does defeat:
 I thought at first with a small sum
 Of love, thy heap to overcome;
 Presuming on thy want of art,
 Thy gentle and unpractis'd heart.

But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open force, when plots do fail.
Instead of that thou hast all mine,
And I have not one stake of thine :
And, like all winners, do'st discover
A willingness to give me over.
And though I beg, thou wilt not now ;
'Twere better thou should'st do so too.
For I so far in debt shall run,
Even thee I shall be forc't to shun.
My hand, alas, is no more mine,
Else it had long ago been thine.
My heart I give thee, and we call
No man unjust that parts with all.
What a Priest says moves not the mind,
Souls are by love, not words, combin'd.

*To a Lady, who told him he could
not Love.*

M Adam, though meaner Beauties might,
Perhaps, have need of some such slight;
Who to excuse their Rigour, must
Say they our passions do mistrust;
And that they wou'd more pity shew,
Were they but sure our loves were true:
You shou'd those petty Arts despise,
Secure of what is once your prize,
We to our Slaves no frauds address,
But as they are our minds express:
Tell me not then I cannot Love,
Say, rather, you it ne're can move;
Who can no more doubt of your charms,
Than I resist such pow'rfull arms:

C

Whose

Whose numerous force that I withstood
 So long, was not through any hope I cou'd
 Escape their pow'r, but through despair,
 Which oft makes Courage out of fear.
 I trembling saw how you us'd those
 Who tamely yielded without blows :
 Had you but one of all them spar'd,
 I might, perhaps, have been ensnar'd,
 And not have thus, e're I did yield,
 Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.

Yet now I'm Conquer'd I will prove
 Faithful as they that never strove.
 All flames in matter where too fast
 They do not seize, the longer last.
 Then blame not mine for moving slow,
 Since all things durable are so.
 The Oak that's for three hundred years
 Design'd in growing, one out-wears.

201 W

While

Whilst flowers for a season made
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade.

To Cloris.

Cloris, you live ador'd by all,
And yet on none your favours fall.

A stranger Mistress ne're was known,
You pay us all in paying none.

We him of avarice accuse,
Who what he has does fear to use;
But what disease of mind shall I

Call this thy hated penury?

Thou wilt not give out of a store,

Which no profuseness can make poor.

Misers, when dead, may make amends,

And in their Wills enrich their friends;

But when thou dy'st, thy Treasure dies,

And thou canst leave no Legacies.

What

What madness is it then to spare,
When we want power to make an Heir;
Live, *Clarice*, then at the full rate
Of thy great Beauty; and since Fate
To Love, and Youth, is so severe,
Enjoy 'em freely while th'art here.
Some caution yet I'de have thee use,
When e're thou do'st a Servant chuse.
We are not all for Lovers fit,
No more then Arms, or Arts of Wit.
For Wisdom some respected are,
Some we see pow'rful at the Bar;
Some for Preferment waste their time,
And the steep hill of Honour climb;
Others of Love their business make,
In Love their whole diversion take.
Take one of those, for in one brest
Two passions live but ill at rest:

And

And even, of them, I'de have thee fly
 All that take flame at every eye.
 All those that light and faithless are,
 All that dare more then think thee fair.
 Take one of Love who nothing says,
 And yet whom every word betrays.
 Love in the cradle pretty shews,
 And when't can speak unruly grows.

A farewell to Love.

ONce more Loves mighty chains are broke,
 His strength and cunning I despise,
 Once more I have thrown off his yoke,
 And am a man, and do despise the Boy.
 Thanks to her pride, and her disdain,
 And all the follies of a scornful mind,
 I had ne're possess't my heart again,
 If fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome

Welcome fond wanderer, as ease
 And plenty to a wretch in pain,
 That worn with want and a disease,
 Enjoys his health and all his friends again.
 Let others waste their time and youth,
 Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish maid,
 And learn too late this dear-bought truth,
 At length they're sure to be betray'd.

THough, *Phillis*, your prevailing charms
 Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* arms,
 That kind defence against all powers,
 But those resistless eyes of yours :
 Think not your conquest to maintain
 By rigour and unjust disdain;
 In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For love does seldom hope survive.

My heart may languish for a time,
 Whilst all your Glories in their prime
 Can justifie such cruelty
 By the same force that conquer'd me.
 When age shall come, at whose command
 Those troops of Beauty must disband;
 A Tyrants strength once took away,
 What slave so dull as to obey!

EPILOGUE

To every Man in his humour.

INtreary shall not serve, nor violence,
 To make me speak in such a Playes defence.
 A Play where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of Comedy:
 The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lies,
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;

No

No captive Prince from nameless Country brought
 No battel, nay, there's not a duel fought;
 And something yet more sharply might be said,
 But I consider the poor Author's dead;
 Let that be his excuse——Now for our own,
 Why——Faith, in my opinion, we need none.
 The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
 Pox on 'em Rogues, what made 'em choole this Play?
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not choice, but meer necessity;
 To all our writing friends, in Town, we sent,
 But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;
 Have patience but till *Easter Term*, and then
 You shall have Jigg, and Hobby-horse agen.
 Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our domestique Wit,
 Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ;
 But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
 Know, we have merits, and in them we trust:

When

When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer
 The publick labours of the *Theatre*,
 We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
 On ambling Tit to take the Suburb air,
 But with our Authors meet, and spend that time
 To make up quarrels between sence and rhyme.
Wednesdays and *Fridays* constantly we fate
 Till after many a long and free debate,
 For divers weighty reasons 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly sence shu'd still to rhyme submit.
 This the most wholesome Law we ever made,
 So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,
 Sure noman here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnson's Ghost.

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak;
 Can you encourage so much insolence,
 And add new faults still to the great offence

Your

Your Ancestors so rashly did commit
Against the mighty powers of Art and Wit?
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best lov'd *Cataline* :
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming Pastoral :
The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,
And with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall rise and find applause upon this *Stage*.
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much injur'd Plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.!

To a very young Lady.

Sweetest bud of Beauty, may
No untimely frost decay
Th'early glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless face;
But kindly opening, like the Rose,
Fresh beauties every day disclose,
Such as by *Nature* are not shewn
In all the blossoms she has blown:
And then what conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take?
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extremes
Which must attend thy threatening eyes
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

The forsaken Mistress.

Dialogue.

Phil. **T**ell me, gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my Embraces fly?
 Does my love thy love destroy?
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
 (Though I break my heart) disdain;
 But lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry frown ile shed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy love,
 Let mine, at least, thy pity move:
 Ah! while I scorn, vouchsafe to woo,
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

Str.

Str. Ah! *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my love alive;
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you, I grieve,
My dying flame has no reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoy'd in you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
That heart which merits your disdain;
But second Love has still allay,
The joys grow aged, and decay.

Then blame me not for losing more
 Then Love and Beauty can restore;
 And let this truth thy comfort prove,
 I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The divided Heart.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but sure
 Thy love, like mine, cou'd still endure;
 That time and absence, which destroy
 The cares of Lovers, and their joy,
 Cou'd never rob me of that part
 Which you have giv'n me of your heart;
 Others unenvy'd might possess
 Whole hearts, and boast that happiness.

'Twas nobler Fortune to divide
 The *Roman Empire* in her pride;
 Then on some low and barb'rous Throne,
 Obscurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love

Love only from thy heart exacts
The several debts thy face contracts,
And by that new and juster way
Secures thy *Empire* and his sway;
Fav'ring but one he might compel
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But thou'dst the other hearts thus share,
That in the whole so worthless are,
Shou'd into several squadrons draw
That strength which kept entire cou'd awe,
Men would his scatter'd powers deride,
And conqu'ring Him those spoils divide.

*To Mr. J. N. on his Translations out of
French and Italian.*

WHile others toil our Country to supply
 With what we need only for Luxury,
 Spices, and Silk, in the rich East provide,
 To glut our Avarice and feed our pride;
 You forreign learning prosperously transmit,
 To raise our Virtue, and provoke our Wit.
 Such brave designs your gen'rous soul inflame
 To be a bold Adventurer for Fame;
 How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,
 While with your voice their Musick you advance?
 Your growing Fame with Envy can oppose,
 Who sing with no less art then they compose;
 In these attempts so few have had success,
 Their Beauties suffer in our English dress:

By

By artless hands spoil'd of their native air,
They seldom pass for moderately fair.
As if you meant these injuries to atone, (own:
You give them charms more conqu'ring then their
Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,
With secret art those graces you confer.
The skilful Painters with slight strokes impart
That subtil beauty which affects the heart.
There are who publicly profess they hate
Translations, and yet all they write translate:
So proud, they scorn to drive a lawful trade,
Yet by their wants are shameless Pirates made.
These you incense, while you their thefts reveal,
Or else prevent in what they meant to steal
From all besides; you are secure of praise,
But you so high our expectations raise,
A gen'ral discontent we shall declare,
If such a workman only shou'd repair.

You to the dead your Piety have shewn,
 Adorn'd their Monuments, now build your own:
 Drawn in the East, we in your lines may trace
 That *Genius* which of old inspir'd the place :
 The banish'd Muses back to *Greece* you bring,
 Where their best airs you so divinely sing ;
 The world must own they are by you restor'd
 To sacred shades, where they were first ador'd.

Virtues Urania.

Hopeless I languish out my days,
 Struck with *Urania's* conqu'ring eyes :
 The wretch at whom the darts these rays
 Must feel the wound until he dies.

Though

Though endless be her cruelty,
Calling her beauties to my mind,
I bow beneath her tyranny,
And dare not murmur she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,
Proff'ring to arm in my defence;
But when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traitor than my sense.

No sooner I the war declare,
But strait her succour she denies,
And joyning forces with the fair,
Confirms the conquest of her eyes.

Silvia.

Silvia.

THe Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind,
 No less then a wonder by Nature design'd;
 She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth from whence wit still obligingly flows
 Has the beautiful blush, and smell of the rose;
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
 In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

To Celia.

AS in those Nations where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God:
So, cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all
We Mortals (Virtue, or can Beauty) call,
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can shew
Still to some meaner thing their greatness ow;
Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers) constitute thy Reign:
This difference only Beauties Realm may boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most;

And

And they to whom it is indulgent found,
 Are ever in the rudest fetters bound.
 What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known,
 Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one.
 Valour's a Vice if not with Honour joyn'd,
 And Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

The Submission.

A H! Pardon, Madam, if I ever thought
 Your smallest favors could too dear be bought;
 And the just greatness of your Servants flame
 I did the poorness of their spirits name;
 Calling their due attendance, Slavery,
 Your power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny;
 Since now I yield, and do confess there is
 No way too hard that leads to such a bliss.

So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,
Where loss was Death, and Conquest but a Face,
He stood amazed at the fatal strife,
Wondring that Love shou'd dearer be then Life ;
But when he saw the Prize, no longer staid,
But through those very dangers sought the Maid,
And won her too : O may his Conquest prove
A happy Omen to my purer Love,
Which, if the honour of all Victory
In the resistance of the Vanquish'd lie,
Though it may be the least regarded Prize,
Is not the smallest Trophy of your eyes.

Con-

Constancy.

Fear not, my Dear, a flame can never die,
 That is once kindled by so bright an eye :
 Look on thy self, and measure thence my love ;
 Think what a passion such a form must move ;
 For though thy Beauty first allur'd my sight,
 Yet now I look on it but as the light
 That led me to the treasury of thy mind,
 Whose inward virtue in that feature shin'd.
 That knot (be confident) will ever last,
 Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast ;
 So fast, that time (although it may disarm
 Thy lovely face) my faith can never harm ;
 And age, deluded when it comes, will find
 My love remov'd, and to thy soul assign'd.
 The passion I have now shall ne're grow less,
 No, though thy own fair self should it oppress ;

I could e'en hazard my Eternity,
Love but again, and 'twill a Heaven be.

The Indifference.

THanks, fair *Urania*, to your scorn,
I now am free as I was born ;
Of all the pain that I endur'd
By your late coldness, I am cur'd:

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;
In losing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I must confess I ne'er could find
Your equal, or in shape, or mind.

Yave

Y'ave beauty, wit, and all things know,
But where you shou'd your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave,
And to those Tyrants grew a Slave ;
But would y'ave kept what you have won,
You should have more compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry ; but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an Idol of disdain ;
My hope in Love does ne're expire,
But I lose also the desire.

Nor yet of those, who ill receiv'd,
Would gladly have strange things believ'd ;
And if your heart you do defend,
Their force against your honour bend.

Who e're does make his Victor less,
His own low weakness does confess ;
And whilst her pow'r he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way ;
And all such scorn in men is but
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment whom the rage
To detraction does engage ;
In Love *Indifference* is sure
The only sign of perfect cure.

E

Ye

Yet, cruel Fair, if thou canst prove
 As happy in some other Love,
 As I could once have done in thine,
 The Sun on happier does not shine.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Thirsis.

S *Trephon* ! O *Strephon* ! once the jolliest Lad
 That with shrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad ;
 While'ome the formost at our Rural Playes,
 The Pride and Glory of our Holy-days :
 Why dost thou now sit musing all alone,
 Teaching the Turtles yet a sadder groan ?
 (Brook
 Swell'd with thy Tears, why does the neighbouring
 Bear to the Ocean what she never took ?
 Why do our Woods, so us'd to hear thee Sing,
 With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring ?

Thy

Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain
Then thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

Strephon.

No loss of these, or care of those are left,
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his peace bereft;
I could invite the Wolf, my cruel Guest,
And play unmov'd while he on all did feast;
I could endure that every Swain out-run, (shun
Out-threw, out-wrestl'd, and each Nymph shou'd
The hapless *Strephon*: But the Gods, I find,
To no such trifles have this Heart design'd;
A feller grief, and sadder loss, I plain,
Then ever Shepherd, or did Prince, sustain;
Bright *Galatea*, in whose matchless face
Sate rural Innocence with heavenly grace,
In whose no less to be adored mind,
With equal light, even distant virtues shin'd;

Chaste, without pride ; though gentle, yet not soft ;
 Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft :
 Fair Goddess of these Fields, who for our sports,
 Though she might well become despised Courts,
 Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,
 Is from my sight, I fear, for ever gone :
 Now I am sure thou wondrest not, I grieve :
 But rather art amazed that I live.

Thirsis.

Thy case indeed is pitiful, but yet
 Thou on thy loss too great a price dost set ;
 Women like days are, *Strephon*, some be far
 More bright and glorious than others are ;
 Yet none so wonderful were ever seen,
 But by as fair they have succeeded been.

Stre-

Strephon.

Others as fair, and may as worthy prove,
But sure I never shall another love ;
Her bright *Idea* wanders in my thought,
At once my Poyson, and my Antidote :
The Stag shall sooner with the Eagle soar,
Seas leave their Fishes naked on the shore ;
The Wolf shall sooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lion flie,
Then I forget her face ; what once I love,
May from my eyes, but not my heart remove.

To a Lady, who fled the sight of him.

IF I my *Celia* cou'd perswade
To see those wounds her eyes have made,
And hear whilst I that passion tell,
Which, like her self, does so excel,
How soon we might be freed from care!
She need not fear, nor I despair.

Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,
That all approach her with respect;
And can I offer violence
Where love does joyn in her defence?
This guard might all her fears disperse,
Did she with *Savages* converse.

Then

Then I my *Celia* wou'd surprize
 With what's produc'd by her own eyes;
 Those matchless flames which they inspire
 In her own Breast, shou'd raise a fire
 For Love, but with more subtil Art,
 As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

*To a Lady, asking him how long he
 would love her.*

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power
 To say how long our love will last,
 It may be we within this hour
 May lose those joys we now do taste;
 The Blessed, that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past :
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because w'are sure to die ?

Song.

Tell me no more you love; in vain,
 Fair *Celia*, You this passion feign;
 Can they pretend to love, who do
 Refuse what Love perswades them to ?
 Who once has felt his active flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain :
 You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet
 You will not to his pow'r submit.

More

More cruel then thofe Beauties are
 Whofe coynefs wounds us to defpair;
 For all the kindnefs which you fhew,
 Each fmile and kifs which you beftow,
 Are like thofe cordials which we give
 To dying men, to make them live,
 And languish out an hour in pain;
 Be kinder, *Celia*, or difdain.

TO

POEMS,
TO HER
EXCELLENCE,
THE
MARCHIONESS
OF
NEW-CASTLE,
After the Reading of Her in-
comparable P O E M S.

Madam ,

With so much wonder we are struck (Book,
When we begin to read your matchless
A while your own excess of merit stays
Our forward Pens, and does suspend your Praise,
Till time our minds does gently recompose,
Allays this wonder, and our duty shews,

In-

Instructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your Great Fame:
Your Fame, which in your Country has no bounds,
But wheresoever Learning's known resounds.

Those Graces Nature did till now divide;
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,
Are joyn'd in you; and all to you submit,
The brightest Beauty, and the sharpest Wit.
No Faction here, or fiery Envy sways,
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.
What Mortal dares dispute those Wreaths with you
Arm'd thus with Lightning, and with Thunder too?

This made the Great *Newcastle's* Heart your Prize,
Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious eyes
Had only pow'r his Martial Mind to tame,
And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame;
A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,
As if immortal Fuel fed those Fires:

This

This Mighty Chief, and your Great Self made One,
Together the same Race of Glory run ;
Together in the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours, his Virtue ; and like yours, his Love.

While we your Praise endeav'ring to rehearse,
Pay that great Duty in our humble Verse ,
Such as may justly move your Anger, You,
Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them too.
But what we cannot, your brave *Hero* payes,
He builds those Monuments we strive to raise ;
Such as to after Ages shall make known,
While he records your Deathless Fame, his own.
So when an Artist some rare Beauty draws,
Both in our wonder share, and our applause :
His skill from Time secures the Glorious Dame,
And makes himself immortal in her Fame.

EPILOGUE
TO
TARTUFFE,
Spoken by himself.

MAny have been the vain attempts of Wit
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite ;
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquish'd *Bussy* in a Puppet-play ;
But *Bussy* rallying, arm'd with zeal, and rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at English Knaves is dang'rous then,
While English Fools will think them honest Men :
But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,

There are Damn'd Rogues among the *French* and ^{(Papists,}
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
 That use t'enjoy the Creature to express
 Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
 And in a decent way perform them too,
 As well, nay better far, alas, then you:

{ Whole fleshly failings are but Fornication,
 { We godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,
 { Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
 Zeal stands but Centr'y at the Gate of Sin,
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
 You march, and take Damnation by surprize.
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
 Can go so far tow' rds Hell for half a Crown,

As

As I for six Pence, for we know the way ;
 For want of Guides Men often go astray;
 Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
 Let every married Man, that's grave and wise,
 Take a *Tartuff*, of known ability,
 To teach and to instruct his Family,
 Who may so settle lasting Reformation,
 First get his Son, then give him Education.

The

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

After a pretty amorous Discourse,
She does resist my Love with pleasing force,
Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,
Against her will she is my Enemy.
Her eyes the rudeness of her arms excuse,
Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse;
To ease my passion, and to make me blest,
Th'obliging smock falls from her whiter breast;
Then with her lovely hands she does conceal
Those wonders chance so kindly did reveal:
In vain, alas, her nimble fingers strove
To shield her beauties from my greedy love;
Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose:
So many charms she has in ev'ry place,
A hundred hands cannot defend each Grace.

Sighing

Sighing at length her force she does recal,
 For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.
 Her arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
 And seem to guide me to the fought-for place.
 Her love is in her sparkling eyes exprest,
 She falls oth' bed, for pleasure, more then rest.
 But Oh, strange passion ! Oh, abortive joy !
 My zeal does my devotion quite destroy :
 Come to the Temple where I shou'd adore
 My Saint, I worship at the sacred door ;
 Oh, cruel chance ! the Town which did oppose
 My strength so long, now yields to my dispose ;
 When, overjoy'd with victory, I fall
 Dead at the foot of the surrender'd wall ;
 Without the usual Ceremony, we
 Have both fulfill'd the am'rous mystery ;
 The action which we shou'd have joyntly done,
 Each ~~by himself~~ perform'd alone ;

The

The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,
 The Union of our eager souls destroy.
 Our flames are punish'd by their own excess,
 W'ad had more pleasure had our loves been less,
 She blush'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done;
 The sport she thought we scarce had yet begun:
 Alas, said I, condemn your self, not me,
 This is th'effect of too much modesty.
 Hence with that peevish Virtue, the delight
 Of both our Victories was lost i'th fight;
 Yet from my shame your glory does arise,
 My weakness proves the vigour of your eyes;
 They did consume the Victim, ere it came
 Unto the Altar, with a purer flame:
 Phillis, let then this comfort ease your care,
 Y'ad been more happy had you been less fair.

*This about written 1714 was never
 composed by me*

A

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the opening of the DUKE'S
NEW PLAY-HOUSE.

TIs not in this as in the former Age,
When Wit alone suffic'd t' adorn the Stage;
When things well said an Audience cou'd invite,
Without the hope of such a Gaudy Sight:
What with your Fathers took wou'd take with you,
If Wit had still the Charm of being New:
Had not enjoyment dull'd your appetite,
She in her homely drefs wou'd yet delight;
Such stately Theatres we need not raise,
Our Old House wou'd put off our dullest Plays.
You Gallants know a fresh Wench of sixteen
May drive the Trade in honest Bombazine;

F 2

An l

And never want good Custom, shou'd she lie
in a back Room, two or three stories high :
But such a Beauty as has long been known,
Though not decay'd, but to perfection grown,
Must, if she mean to thrive in this leud Town,
Wear Points, Lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown ;
Her Lodgings too must with her Dress agree,
Behung with Damask, or with Tapestry ;
Have Chyna, Cabinets, and a great Glass,
To strike respect into an Am'rous Ass.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors shou'd submit
So tamely to their Predecessors wit,
Since, I am sure, among you there are few
Wou'd grant your Grand-fathers had more then you.
But hold ! I in this business may proceed too far,
And raise a storm against our Theatre ;

And

And then what wou'd the wise Adventurers say,
 Who are in a much greater fright to day
 Then ever Poet was about his Play?
 Our apprehensions none can justly blame,
 Money is dearer much to us then Fame :
 This thought on, let our Poets justifie
 The Reputation of their Poetry ;
 We are resolv'd we will not have to do
 With what's between those Gentl. men and you.
 Be kind, and let our House have but your praise,
 You'r welcome every day to damn their Plays.

FINIS.

*Falling in love with a Stranger
at a Play.*

FAir *Amarillis*, on the Stage whilst you
Beheld a feigned love you gave a true ;
I like a Coward in the Amorous War ,
Came only to look on, yet got a Scar ;
Fixt by your eyes, I had no power to fly ,
They held me whilst you gain'd the Victory :
I thought I safely might my sight content,
To which the power to like (not love) I lent ;
And if I ventur'd on some slight Discourse ,
It should be such as could no passion nurse :
Led by the treacherous lustre of your eyes ,
At last I plai'd too near the Precipice :

A a

Love

Love came disguis'd in wonder and delight,
 And I was conquer'd ere I knew him right;
 Your words fell on my passion like those showers,
 Which swell and multiply the rising flowers;
 Like *Cupid's* self, a God, and yet a child,
 Your looks at once were awful, and yet mild:
 Methoughts you blush'd, as conscious of my flame,
 Whil't your strict vertue did your beauty blame;
 But rest secure; y' are from the guilt as free,
 As Saints ador'd from our Idolatry;
 And Love, a Torment doe's for me prepare
 Beyond your rigour in my own despair.



Indifference excused.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs nor tears to make it known;
And to convince the cruel'st Maid,
Lovers should use their love alone:

Into their very looks 'twill steal;
And he that most will hide his flame,
Doe's in that care his pains reveal,
Silence it self can Love proclaim:

This *Aurelia* made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread:
Whose guilty passions are begun,
Not in their Hearts, but in their Head,

I cou'd not sigh, and with cross'd arms
Lament your Rigour and my Fate ,
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and Women hate:

But careless live, and without Art,
Knowing my love you must have spi'de ,
And thinking it a foolish part,
To strive to shew what none can hide.

The

The Platonick

FAir *Octavia*, you are much to blame,
To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame:
I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine;
But that I lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine;
Not hop'd as others do for a return,
But that I might without offending burn.
I thought those eyes which every hour enslave,
Could not remember all the wounds they gave:
Forgotten in the crowd I wisht to lye,
And of your coldness, not your anger, dye:
Yet since you know I love, 'tis now no time
Longer to hide, let me excuse the crime:

A a 3

Seeing

Seeing what Laws I to my passion give,
Perhaps you may consent that it should live :

First, it never shall a hope advance
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance :
I at a distance will adore your eyes,
As awful *Persians* do the Eastern Skies :
I never will presume to think of Sex,
Nor with gross thoughts my deathless love perplex.
I tread a pleasant path without design ;
And to thy care my happiness resign,
From Heaven it self thy beauty cannot be
A freer gift then is my love to thee.

To a Devout young Woman.

P*Hill* is this mighty zeal aflwage,
You over-act your part ;

The Martyrs at your tender age,
Gave Heaven but half their heart.

Old men (till past the pleasure) ne're
Declaim against the sin,
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe
And like a treacherous light,

A a 4

Beauty

Beauty the actions of the fair
Exposes to their sight.

And yet this World, as old as tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
Wise Combinations seldom miss,
Let's try what we can do.

SONG.

When *Aurelia* first became
The Mistress of his heart,

So mild and gentle was her reign,
Thirsis in hers had part.

Reserves and care he laid aside,
And gave his Love the Reins;
The headlong course he now must bide,
No other way remains.

At first her cruelty he fear'd,
But that being overcome,
No second for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own:

He

He call'd himself a happier man
Then ever lov'd before ;
Her favours still his hopes outran :
What Mortal can have more ?

Love smil'd at first, then looking grave,
Said, *Thirsis* leave to boast ;
More joy then all her kindness gave,
Her fickleness will cost.

He spoke, and from that fatal time,
All *Thirsis* did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a crime,
To the ungrateful Maid.

Then

Upon several Occasions.

11

Then he despairing of her heart,
Would fain have had his own :
Love answered, such a Nymph could part
With nothing she had won.

To

TO CLORIS.

C*Loris* I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise,
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace;
For you are so intirely fair,
To love a part, injustice were;
No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop:
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
And joyn to make the Night look clear,
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united work of all:

He

He that both lips, or hands adore;
 Deserves them only, and no more ;
 But I love all, and every part ,
 And nothing lefs can ease my heart.
Cupid, that Lover weakly strikes ,
 Who can exprefs what 'tis he likes.

S O X G.

S O N G.

A *Urelia*, art thou mad
To let the World in me

Envy joyes I never had,
And censure them in thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And the Banquet boldly tast,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easie souls despise,
Who loose themselves for toys;
And escapes for those devise
Who tast his utmost joyes.

To

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a folly is,
Who are for vain swearing damn'd,
And knew no higher bliss.

Love should like the year be crown'd
With sweet variety ;
Hope should in the Spring be found,
Kind fears, and jealousy.

In the Sommer flower should rise,
And in the Autumn Fruit ;
His Spring doth else but mock our eyes,
And in a scoff salute.

SONG.

S O N G.

LOve still has something of the Sea,
From whence his Mother rose ;
No time his Slaves from doubt can free ,
Nor give their thoughts repose :

They are becalm'd in clearest dayes,
And in rough weather tost ;
They wither under cold delayes,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
Then straight into the Main ,
Some angry Wind in cruel sport ,
Their Vessel drives again.

At

At first, disdain and pride they fear ,
Which if they chance to scape ,
Rivals and Falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood ,
So slowly they receive the summe,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;
And to defer a Bliss ,
Believe me gentle *Hermione* ,
No less inhumane is.

An hundred thousand oathes your fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

B b

'Tis

Tis fitter much for you to guess,
Then me for to explain ;
But grant, O grant that happiness
Which only does remain.

A Dia-

*A Dialogue between Amintas
and Celia.*

Celia. **A** *Amintas* I am come alone;
According as I faid;

But whither is thy Honour flown?

I fear I am betray'd:

Thy looks are chang'd, and in the place

Of innocent defires,

Methinks I fee thy eyes and face

Burn with unufual fires.

Amintas. See's not my *Celia* Nature wear
One Countenance in the Spring
And yet another fhape prepare
To bring the Harveft in?

Bb 2

Look

Look on the Eagle, how unlike
 He to the Egg is found ,
 When he prepares his Pounce to strike
 His Prey against the ground :
 Fears might my Infant Love become ;
 'Twere want of kindness now ,
 Should modesty my Hopes benum,
 Or check what you allow.

Celia. *Amintas* hold, what could you worse,
 To worst of Women do ;
 Ah ! how could you a passion nurse
 So much my Honours Foe ?

Amintas. Make not an idol of a Toy,
 Which every breath can shake,
 Which all must have, or none enjoy ,
 What course so e're we take :

Whil'st

Whil'st Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be secure;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitless to endure?

Celia. Could I the World neglect for thee,
Thy love, though dear it cost,
In some unkind conceit of me,
Would be untimely lost:
Thou would'st thy own example fear,
And every heedless word
I chance let fall beyond thy care,
Would some new doubt afford.

Amintas. If I am jealous, 'tis because
I know not where you love;

With me fulfil Loves gentle Laws,
And all my fears remove.

Celia. Women like things at second hand,
Do half their value loose,
But whilst all Courtship they withstand,
May at their pleasure choose.

Amintas. This were a fine discourse my Dear,
If we were not alone;
But now Love whispers in my ear,
There's somewhat to be done.
She said she never would forgive,
He kissing, swore she should;
And told her she was mad to strive
Against their mutual good.

What

What farther paſt, I cannot tell,
 But ſure not much amiſs;
 He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well,
 She answered with a kiſs.

B b +

SONG.

SONG.

GEt you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me, don't pursue me ;
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish ;
It does of late so fast prevail,
It must go now, or not at all :
For should it gather farther strength,
T'would give my Honour Laws at length :
With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the Crowd Love entred in ;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent and full of play ;

At

At every hour, in every place,
 I either faw, or form'd your face ;
 All that in Playes was finely writ,
 My thoughts for you, and me, did fit: —
 My Dreams at night were all of you,
 Such as till then I never knew :
 I sported thus with young defire,
 Chear'd with his light, free from his fire :
 But now his Teeth and Claws are grown,
 Let me the Fatal Lion fhun ;
 You found me harmlefs, leave me fo ;
 For were I not, you'd leave me too.

SONG.

SONG.

P*Hillis*, you have enough enjoy'd
The pleasures of Disdain;

Methinks your pride shou'd now be cloy'd,
And grow it self again :

Open to Love your long shut Brest,
And entertain it's sweetest Guest.

Love that can heal the wounds he gives,
And can ill usage flight ;

May laugh at all that Fate contrives,
Full of it's own delight,

For in his Chains w^e are happier far
Then Kings themselves without 'um are.

Leave

Leave then to tame Philosophy

The joyes of quietnefs ;

With me into Loves Empire fly,

And taft my happinefs :

Where even Tears and Sighes can flow

Pleasures the cruel never know.

SONG.

MADAM, for your commands to stay,
Is the mean duty of a Wretch,
Whose service you with Wages pay :
Lovers should at occasion catch,
Not idly wait till it be brought ,
But with the deed o' retake your thought ;
Honour and Love let them give o're,
Who do their duty, and no more.

Awake

A Wake my Eyes, at night my thoughts pursue
Your Charming Shape, and find it ever new :
If I my weary breast to sleep resign,
In gaudy Dreams your love and beauty shine ;
Dreams with such Extasies and Pleasures fill'd,
As to those joyes they seem can only yield ;
Nor do they yield perhaps, wou'd you allow,
Dear *Flavia*, that I once might know.

SONG

S O N G.

P*Hillis*, let's shun the common Fate,
And let our love ne're turn to Hate ;
I'll dote no longer then I can,
Without being call'd a faithless Man :
When we begin to want Discourse,
And kindness seems to tast of force ,
As freely as we met, we'l part ,
Each one possesst of their own heart.
Thus whil'st grave Fools themselves undo,
We'l Game, and give off Savers too :
So equally the match we'l make,
Both shall be glad to draw the stake.

A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
 I will enjoy thee in a kiss ;
 I'll love and hate just where you do,
 And for't no other reason know.
 When from this height my Love does fall,
 Wee'l bravely scorn to love at all :
 If thy affection first decay,
 I'll the whole blame on Nature lay.
 Alas, what Cordial can remove
 The hasty Fate of dying Love?
 I'll grieve as for a friend deceas'd,
 And with the next as well be pleas'd :
 Thus we will all the World excel,
 In loving, and in living well.

DISTICH.

DISTICH.

ALthough no Art the Fire of Love can tame,
'Tis oft extinguish't by an equal flame.

TH E painted Apples that adorn,
Of yon'd fair Tree, the Airy top,
And seems our dull approach to scorn,
From their weak Stalk must one day drop;
And out of reach of Mortals plac't,
Be the vile food of Worms at last;

Thus

Thus ends of Humane things the Pride,
Born down Times ever-flowing Tide.

Thy matchless Beauty, that we all
Now with such heat and passion court,
Though kept from worthy Lovers, shall
Confess its Tyranny but short:
Then do not Love with Anger meet,
Nor cruel be, to seem discreet;
Shunning what nature does intend,
Things seldom meet a nobler end.

Cc

SONG.

SONG.

NOt *Celia* that I juster am,
Or better then the rest ;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my interest.

But I am ty'd to very thee
By every thought I have ;
Should you my heart but once set free,
I would be no more a Slave.

All that is Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find ;

For

For your whole Sex can but afford,
The handsome, and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make Love anew?

When change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

T*Hirſts* no more againſt my flame adviſe,
But let me be in love, and be you wiſe ;
Here end, and there begin a new addreſs,
Purſue the vulgar, eaſie happineſs :
Leave me to *Amaranta*, who alone
Can in my ſullen heart erect her Throne :
I know as well as you 'tis mean to burn
For one who to our flame makes no return :
But you like me know not thoſe conquering eyes,
Which mock prevention by an quick ſurprize :
And now like a hurt Deer, in vain I ſtart
From her, that in my breaſt has hid the Dart.
Though

Though I can never reach her Excellence,
Take fomewhat in my hopelefs Loves defence :
Her Beauty is her not eſteemed Wealth,
And Graces move about her Eyes by ſtealth ;
Vertue in others, the forc't Child of Art
Is but the conſtant temper of her Heart :
All charms her Sex ſo often courts in vain,
(Like *Indian* Fruit, which our cold Earth diſdain)
In her grow wild, as in their Native Air ;
And ſhe has all perfection without tare.
Of Lovers harms ſhe has a gentle ſenſe,
For Beauty elſe vvould clogg her innocence:
Like a vvife Prince ſhe rules her ſervants ſo ,
That neither Want nor Luxury they knowv ;

None vainly hoping vvhat she may not give,
Like humble Slaves at small expence vve live ;
And I the vvretched comfort only share
To be the last vvhom she vvill bid despair.

SONG

S O N G.

I Ask not my *Celia* would love me again,
In its own pleasure my love is pay'd ;
I'll find such excuses for all her disdain,
That shortly to frown, I'll make her affraid.

Her neglect of me, of her self I'll think care;
Her cruelty, I her strict Vertue will name;
When least kind she seems, I'll believe her most near,
And call her refusal, but a Virgins Fame.

Thus all that was wont heretofore to cure Love,
In me shall increase, and stir up the fire ;

Cc 4

I'll

I'll make her at last some kind remedy prove,
Since all others but increase my desire.

Whil'st no man enjoys that which I court in vain,
And *Celia* to none is kinder then me;
To her Honour I'll yield, and never complain,
But dye at her feet, if so it decree.

Drink

S O N G

Drink a bout till the day find us,

These are pleasures that will last,

Let no foolish passion blind us,

Joyes of Love make too much hast.

Maids are long ere we can win 'um,

And our Passions wast the while;

In a Beer-Glass we'l begin 'um,

Let some Fool take th' other toyle.

Yet we will have store of good Wenches,

Whom their own high blouds shall court,

After

After two or three good Drenches,
To out-do them at the Sport ;

Joyning thus both Mirth and Beauty,
To make up our full delight :
In Wine and Love we pay our Duty
To each friendly coming night.

SONG.

S O N G

VValking among thick Shades alone,

I heard a dying voice

Which fighing faid, now ſhe is gone

I'll make no ſecond choice.

I look't and ſaw it was a Swain,

Who to the flying Wind,

Did of ſome Neighbouring Nymph complain,

Too fair, and too unkind.

He told me how he ſaw her firſt,

And with vvhat gracious eyes

And

And gentle speech that flame she nurst,
Which since she did despise.

His vowvs she did as fast receive ,
As he could breath 'um to her ;
Love in her Eyes proclaim'd her leave,
That he alone should vvoo her.

They fed their flocks still near one place,
And at one instant met ;
He gazing on her lovely Face,
Fell deeper in the Net.

She seem'd of her nev्व Captive glad,
Proud of his Bondage he ;
No Lover e're a prospect had
Of more felicity.

But

But the false Maid, or never lov'd,

Or gave so quickly o're;

E're his vvas to the heighth improv'd,

Her kindness vvas no more.

Even her dissemblings she let fall,

And made him plainly see,

That though his heart she did enthrall,

Her own was ever free.

Now least his care should pity move,

She shuns his very sight;

And leaves him to that hopeless love,

She did create in spight.

Her name I could not make him tell,

Though vowing him my aid;

He

He said he never would reveal,

In Life, nor Death, the Maid.

Then a wild look the Shepherd cast,

And falling underneath

A Beach, where he had seen her last,

Resign'd his utmost breath.

SONG.

S O N G.

AS I sat thoughtful in a shade,
There I spied a loving pair,
Who closely by each other lay'd,
Past their time in softer care :

While she look't sadly on the ground,
On her Eyes the Youth's were fix't;
In which me thought he gladly found
Jealousie with kindness mixt :

But his soon dull and heavier grew,
When she rais'd her drooping Head,

And

And told him, since he was untrue,
With his Faith her Love was fled.

Though Jealousie be full of pain,

Constant Love can suffer more :

The death of yours, says the griev'd Swain,
Shews it was but weak before.

The Nymph replied, since you can prove

False to one so kind as I,

Alas, how hard it is to love !

And how easie 'tis to dye !

He answered, and did gently seise ,

Her fair Hand he did adore ;

Since you can dye with so much ease,

You can love me still with more.

Disguise

Disguise not then your tender Heart,

Fear I should anothers be,

Betrayer, in sight of all your Art,

That you were born for only me.

Like gentle Dew on wither'd Leaves,

Love is lost on almost all:

But the fresh Flower with joy receives

That which there would vainly fall.

To fairest Nymphs Love adds a Grace,

And no kind one can be foul;

Love gives a Beauty to the Face,

And a softness to the Soul.

Since therefore fain'd inconstancy,

With the VWorld deceives you too;

D d

Hence-

Henceforth my flame shall rather be
Seen by all, then not by you.

As by some waters' purling noise,
Soft repose we soonest find;
So these fond Turtles murmuring joyes,
Rock't asleep my restless mind,

VVhich I from this blest couple brought,
Freed from all my duller care ;
But, in its place, alas, I thought
Him too happy, Her too fair.

SONG.

S O N G.

THe Grave my envy now beget,

That did my pity move;

Who, by the right of wanting Wit,

Are free from cares of Love.

Turks honour Fools, because they are

By that defect secure

From slavery, and toils of War,

Which all the rest endure.

So I, that suffer cold neglect,

And wounds from *Celia's* Eyes,

Begin extreamly to respect

These Fools, that seem so wise.

D d 2

'Tis

'Tis true, they set their silly hearts

On things of no delight ;

To pass all day for men of parts,

They pass alone the night :

But *Celia* never breaks their rest,

Such servants she disdain :

And so the Fops are dully blest,

While I endure her chains.

Soft repose we soonest find ;

So these fond Turtles murmuring joys,

Rock't asleep my restless mind,

Which I from this blest couple brought,

Freed from all my duller care ;

But, in its place, alas, I thought

Him too happy, Her too fair.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Dullers Life.

They have too many hours that employ 'em
 About Ballads, Antiques, or News,
 While we that know how to employ 'em
 With us can see the time of such blockheads

That did my pity move;
 Who, by the right of wanting Wit,
 Are free from cares of Love.

Nature honours Fools, because they are
 By that defect secure
 From slavery, and toils of War,
 Which all the rest endure.

So I, that suffer cold neglect,
 And wounds from Celia's Eyes,
 Begin extreamly to respect

These Fools, that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they set their silly hearts

On things of no delight ;

To pass all day for men of parts, —

They pass alone the night :

But *Celia* never breaks their rest ;

Such servants she disdains :

And so the Fops are dully blest,

While I endure her chains.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Ballers Life.

They have too many hours, that employ 'em
 About Business, Ambition, or News,
 While we that know how to enjoy 'em,
 With in vain for the time which such blockheads
 misuse :
 They that toil in impertinent care,
 May strive to be often at leisure ;
 They cannot be worse than they are ;
 But we whose business is pleasure,
 Have never a moment to spare.

D d 3

With

VWith dangerous Damfels we dally,

Till we come to a closer dispute ;

And when we no more Forces can rally,

Our kind foes give us leave to retire and recruit ;

Then drooping to *Bacchus* we fly ;

VWho nobly regarding our merits,

VWith Succours alwayes is nigh ;

And thus reviving our Spirits,

VVe love, and we drinck till we dye.

S O N G.

SONG.

VVhen cold despair

VVould quench my passion, and end all my care,

Then gentle words, and gentle sighs recall

My vanishing hopes which fain would stay ;

But stranger fears soon drives my hopes away ;

And back again to grief I fall :

Her favour thus, like Cordials given in vain

To dying men, do but prolong my pain :

Ah *Gloriana*, why

Like all your other Lovers, may not I
Have leave, alas, soon to despair and dye?
Be rather cruel, than but kind in part,
Hide those soft looks, or shew as soft a heart.

To

To CELIA.

Celia, the faithful servant you did form,
Would in obedience keep his Love unknown;
But bright Idea's such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal, than not desire;
My heart at home, in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell,
Unknown, and undisturb'd, it rest'd there,
Stranger alike to Hope, and to Despair:
But Love's Tumultuous Train'does now invade
The Sacred quiet of this Hollowed Shade;
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing Comets in a Winter's Sky.

Fair and severe like Heaven! you injoyn',
 Commands that seems cross to your own design;
 Forbidding what your selves incline us to:
 Since if from Heavenly Powers you will allow,
 That all our faculty proceed; 'tis plain,
 What 'ere we will, is what the Gods ordain;
 But they and you, Rights without Limit have,
 Over your Creatures, and (more yours) your slave:
 And I am one, born only to admire,
 To humble 'ere to hope, scarce to desire,
 A thing whose bliss depends upon your will;
 VWho cou'd be proud, you'd deign to use him ill.
 How can my passion merit your offence,
 That challenges so little recompence?
 Let me but ever love, and ever be
 The example of your power and cruelty;

Since

Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its Mother, Pride;
Kill all they strike, and trample on their Graves,
But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves:
When in the crowd your undistinguish'd lyes,
You give away the Triumph of your Eyes:
Permit me then to glory in my Chains,
My fruitless Sighs, and my unpitied Pains:
Perhaps obtaining this, you'll think I find
More Mercy than your Anger has design'd;
But Love has carefully contriv'd for me,
The last perfection of Misery:
For to my State those hopes of Common peace,
Which Death affords to every Wretch, must cease;
My worst of Fates attends me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.

To

 To CELIA.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
 Fair *Celia* when it does not Love withstand;
 The power it borrowed from your eyes alone,
 All but himself would yield to who has none;
 Were he not blind, such are the Charms you ^{(have,}
 He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave.
 Be proud to act a Mortal *Hero's* part,
 And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart;
 But Fate hath otherwise dispos'd of things,
 In different Bonds subjecting Slaves, and Kings.
 That Fate (like you resistless) does ordain
 That Love alone should over Beauty Reign.

By

By Harmony the Universe does move;
 And what is Harmony, but mutual Love?
 See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
 Kissing the rugged Banks on either side,
 Whilst in their Chrystal Stream at once they flow,
 And with them feed the Flowers which they bestow;
 Though prest upon by their too rude embrace,
 In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
 To their Lov'd Sea; for even streams have desires,
 Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful fires:
 And with such passion, that if any force
 Stop or molest 'um in their Am'rous course,
 They swell with rage, break down, and ravage ore
 The Banks they kiss'd, the flowers they fed before.
 Who would resist an Empire so Divine,
 Which Universal Nature does enjoyn?

Submit

Submit then *Celia* e're you be reduc'd;
 For Rebels vanquish't once, are vilely us'd.
 And such are you, when e're you dare obey
 Another passion, and your Love betray.
 You are Loves Citadels, by you he reigns,
 And his proud Empire o're the World maintains;
 He trusts you with his Stratagems and Arms,
 His frowns, his smiles, and all his conquering charms.
 Beauty's no more but the dead Soyl which Love
 Mannures, and does by wise Commerce improve;
 Sayling by Sighes through Seas of tears, he sends,
 Courtship from Forraign hearts: For your o'wn ends
 Cherish a Trade; for as with *Indians* we
 Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery,
 So to each other for their useles Toys,
 Lovers afford Inestimable Joyes:

But

But if youe're fond of Trifles, be, and starve,
 Your Gugaw Reputation preserve ;
 Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
 Forgoing Sense, for a Fantastick Name.

S O N G

SONG.

AS he lay in the Plain, his arm untler his head,
 And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,
 If Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter (said he) whence are Lovers content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain;
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, & tickles my heart:
 To my self I sigh often without knowing why;
 And whence absent from *Phillis*, methinks I could
 dye:
 But oh! what a pleasure still follows my pain;
 When kind Fortune do's help me to see her again.

In her eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's to
 (come,
 By soft stealth now and then I examine my doom.
 I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.
 But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she do's prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare
 (name.

E e

SONG.

S O N G.

HOW Charming are those pleasant pains
Which the successful Lover gains!

Oh! how the longing Spirit flies,
On scorching sighs, from dying eyes?
Whose intermixing Rayes impart,
Love's welcome Message to the heart.

Then, how the active Pulse grow'n warm,
To every Sense gives the Alarm!
But oh! the Raptures, and the Qualms,
When Love unites the melting Palms!
What Extasies! what hopes and fears!
What pretty talk, and amorous tears!

To

To these, a thousand Vows succeed,
 And then, oh Heavens! the secret deed!
 When sense and Soul are bath'd in bliss,
 Think, dear *Aminda*! think on this; —
 And curse those hours, we did not prove
 The ravishing delights of Love.

SONG.

Give o'r foolish heart, and make hast to despair,
 For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy prayer
 When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong,
 She courts her Ghittar, and replies with a Song;
 No more shall true Lovers thy Beauty adore,
 Were the Gods so severe, men would worship no
 more.

No more will I wait like a Slave at thy dore,
 I'll spend the cold nights at thy Window no more:
 My Lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
 Since thy pride is to make me grow sullen and pale;
 No more shall *Amint* thy pity implore,
 Were the Gods so ingrate, men would worship no
 more.

No

No more shall thy Frowns or free humour perswade
To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made;
When thy Saints so neglected, their follies give o're,
Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more.
No more, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd by hope, or oppress'd by disdain?
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew;
No more cruel Nymph! I will murmur no more,
Did the Gods seem so fair, men would worship them
(more.

SONG.

S O N G.

VVith so much ease ingrateful Swains,
Your faithless vows have cur'd your
(pains:

You think by those your perjuries betray'd,
That all are false, or else may so be made;
And ev'ry smile or pleasing word proclaims,
The coldest Nymph an offering to your flames.

Vain Shepherd know that now's the time
To suffer for thy boasted crime:

Repeated Vows with me less credit find,
Then smiling Sea's, or the uncertain Wind.
Deep Sighs and frequent tears as things of course,
So common are that they have lost their force.

Thy

Thy passions Truth will best appear
 Disguis'd in doubts and guilty fear ;
 When all the Heart and careful Tongue conceal,
 The Sense disorder'd, and the Eyes reveal ;
 Such dark confusion makes the flame shine bright,
 So Stars are best discern'd through shades of night.

One stoll'n look can better woe,
 Then Sighs and Tears and Vows can doe :
 The falsest Hearts like empty Vessels sound,
 But may thy feign'd ; become a real wound,
 That thy severer Pennance may declare
 How great mens crimes, and womens vertues are.

S O N G.

DEAR *Aminda*, in vain you so coily refuse,
 What nature and Love do inspire ;
 That formal old way which your mother did use,
 Can

Can never confine the desire,
It rather adds Oyl to the fire.

When the tempting delights of woing are lost,
And pleasures a Duty become;
We both shall appear, like some dead Lovers ghost,
To frighten each other from home;
And the Genial bed like a Tombe.

Now, low at your feet your fond Lover will lye,
And seek a new Fate in your eyes;
One Amorous smile will exalt him so high,
He can all but *Aminda* despise;
Then change to a frown, and he dies.

To love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
But to raise our enjoyments by Art,
Wee'll often fall out, and as often renew,

For to wound, and to cure the smart,
Is the pleasure which captives the Heart.

FINIS.



